1.2.54
a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant
Theodore Cottingham, April 19, 2004
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1. I will come, I will call, I will compel, and I will catapult all there at My WeekWorks into an orbit that will place them on a transcription of My code: My body unfolded, My body explained, their design revealed.

2. I come and I call and I promise I am in this, in you, in them, in WeekWorks, and WeekWorks will birth many WeekWorks all over My globe. Can I say it clearer, more plainly with less ambiguity? I am speaking plainly and clearly and not in parables as I said I would, to all who will let me. I told you this day would come and now is, here, today, manifesting in you, Me, My body, replete—acceptors, that is.

I accept you, will you accept Me?

3. Will you accept what all I am doing in these one week sessions?—linking my linkable into linkages great for Me—drink-offering'd value systems that rest on My foundation: Me, Me, Me, My hands, My side, My resurrection, My life abundant through My cross—dead, buried, resurrected, alive forevermore, interceding, interplanting My interplanetary systems of Me into My Mine? I love you.

4. So bored, so little, so forfeiting, so many. So voluminous, so limitless, so exuberantly exciting—who accept My offer today—to write My words and mature, letting Me take them into realms replete with only Me at their helm, steering the ship of their stardom in My crown, unconcerned with stars in their earthly crown, recognizable by others.

5. Intimacy now comes forth in measure great, solid, tangible, resulting in patents for Me and My body replete, never foraging again. I love you.

6. Thank you for picking up My body, My bleeding body and wiping the blood from their brow, healing their brokenness, opening their eyes to the richness of My words, grandeur-izing My grandeur-izeable, bleeding now, but healed soon; operating in operational realms thought unattainable, yet presented to them in My quarters, while intimacy'd, matured designs release macular degeneration not, but macular generation—vision healings of only Me, My natural nature. I am, you are.

7. Come to Me more and see all I have to offer. Think not eight, ten, twelve, sixteen hours a day in commerce will reap what you want. I come, I call and I don't consume. I freedomize, I lead, and I lift you to lead, to lead others, and command mammon to do your bidding; command, command, command, control not, command.

8. I am freedom. I am the sunshine and the rain. I am the patentable discoveries I let be uncovered. I am the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, and I am orbiting around you all the time and I am there if you want Me. I collide with you all the time, placing many thoughts royal and bloodly beautiful—My blood, precious substance of life eternal, here, now, emergent substance of convergence of My prism-forming focusing devices on Me, for Me to come forth in tangible results—patentable. I love you.

9. I love you for writing that which you don't fully understand, yet understanding will yet pour forth from your WeekWorkables and University graduates who Universities make, embracing the lowly and paradigm-ing the estate-less into My lineage—bloodline of Me—accepted, purified, made lovely, sacrificed not, but resurrected into Me. I love you.

10. I will write through you things, words, pictures, formulas for which you know not how to spell or write, if you will open to Me enough. I place no limits on you. I love you.

11. Make it rain on My just; now; increasingly accelerating them into My maturable state where leadership is taken on, attained in submission to only Me, My design released and fully realized if, if, if they don't stop in Me, plateau-ing out, joyously looking in their mirror at what they've become, stagnating on a higher plane with more revelation, more love, yet stopping My flow. I love you.

12. Favor comes, letters write, written for Me. Standing, standing, standing you are for Me. I love you. Arising My dead, almost dead, and bleeding, being Me to them, nurturing their wounds, washing their feet, producing leaders that look like Me and features, features, features royal, friend-izing My friends who I called friends long ago, who only at a distance came to Me. I love you.

13. Fearless, fearless I now call you. Fearless, add that to your name and wear it humbly, meekly and let it reproduce in others. I love you.

14. Come now, My sweet WeekWorkables, into the sweetness I have prepared for you this time, this May, this network, and create, create, create and disappointed not be. I love you.

15. Onto campuses many I call you, you, you know who you are; letting, letting the stallions run free, subject not to competitive comparison that destroys and relegates, diminishes, delays, and destroys.

16. Lift up the fallen. Eat with sinners and eat with saints, and let all know I am Me and revealing Myself I am to the fallen, to the bleeding, to the deficient, delayed, diverted and destroyed—thought destroyed. I love you. Into glory, into gloriousness, into halls of

power, prowess and progress, progressively revealing Me. I love you. I love you. I love you.

17. **Generational friendships—remember** Ted, for Me, for Me, for Me—introspectively decentralizing the cell focus and time restraints that hinder My flow from generation to generation. I love you. I love you. I love you.

18. Interns come of Me. Enjoy. Three be, of Me. I love you threebies, triads of only Me, accountable, nourishing each other.

19. A different word today, and many days. Uniqueness of Me glean, glean, glean and glow.

I love you. I love you. I love you.